

T H E
L O Y A L I S T.
A
P O E M.

Humbly inscrib'd to His GRACE the
DUKE of HAMILTON.

*Hic vir hic est quem tu promitti sæpius audis,
Divum genus; aurea condet
Secula.* Virg. En. 6. v. 791.



L O N D O N:

Printed for John Friend in Westminster-Hall: And
Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. 1711.

1547/1773
★
Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Lucius Wilmerding
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THE
LOYALIST.

A
POEM.

Humbly inscrib'd to His GRACE the
DUKE of HAMILTON.

IN Times e'er Faction did embroil the State,
And Busie-Bodies senseless Feuds create ;
When *Britains* were to Loyalty inclin'd,
And one Religion made them of one Mind ;
Then Princes sat with Transports on the Throne,
Heavy with Jewels only was the Crown :
The People did their rightful Homage pay,
United Hearts avow'd the Sovereign's Sway,
And flew, as to Command, and not Obey
Passive-Obedience then was no Restraint ;
King's could not ask what Subjects would not grant.

In later Times such glorious Days we've seen,
A People struggling to Obey their Queen ;
Resistance was a Word not understood
By Subjects, so indulg'd by Princely Blood,
Whose Edicts, whose Delight were doing Good ;

Then Places were discharg'd by faithful Hands,
 Full was our Treasury, and fat our Lands,
 And Taxes seem'd Intreaties, not Commands.
 Happy the Lord who to his Prince proves Just,
 The Prince thrice Happy that knows whom to Trust.

O *ANNA*, had those Hours 'till now been giv'n,
 And Faction from thy Bosom had not driv'n
 A Ministry on Earth, design'd by Heav'n;
 Could Subjects their Felicity have seen,
 And, like their Clime, serene and temp'rate been;
 Had not thy Sway too much Indulgence shown,
 And nourish'd Serpents to attack thy Throne;
 What Conquests still more wond'rous thou hadst gain'd,
 And yet how peaceably at Home hadst reign'd!
Ormond like *Alexander* had been priz'd,
 And *Rochester* like *Cato* had advis'd;
 Like *Cicero* had *Buckingham* declaim'd,
 And *Peterborough's* Conduct ne'er been blam'd;
Pembroke had been the *Neptune* of the Main,
 And Mariners distress'd ne'er su'd in vain;
 Unhappy *Clarendon* for Truths been fear'd,
 And *Leeds* for Wisdom, as for Age, rever'd:
 To such Mens Levees *Britains* did resort,
 And Loyalty, like Beauty, grac'd the Court.

But as each Clime is curs'd with some Disease,
 And trifling Ills prove fatal by Degrees;
Britain from Sectarists could ne'er be cur'd,
 Who still grow restless, as they're still indur'd.
 In Times when Plenty flourish'd thro' this Isle,
 And *Britain's* Grandeur was each States-man's Toil;
Britain, for trusty Bards so long renown'd,
 Great in Design, in Politicks profound;

Whose

Whose ev'ry Hour seem'd destin'd by a God;
 For when they slept, they dream'd some Publick Good.
 When *ANNA* by no Serpent was beguil'd,
 Whose Government was pleasant, prudent, mild,
 Just as the tender Parent curbs the Child,
 Vice was corrected with such Bafe and Skill,
 That wicked Men were sham'd from doing ill;
 But Virtue in the highest Class appear'd,
 And virtuous Actions had immense Reward:
 When Harmony like ours no Age had seen,
 A grateful People, and a tender Queen;
 When tott'ring *Lewis* felt, and shook to find,
 A Nation so intire, so firmly join'd,
 Prov'd there's no battling such united Force,
 And therefore to base Cunning had Recourse,
 Play'd the old Fox, busy'd all subtle Arts,
 And study'd only to divide our Hearts:

There rose a Serpent Race of Vip'rous Kind,
 Who always *Britain's* Overthrow design'd,
 And the best Constitution undermin'd:
 That hiss, and bite, and causeless Feuds foment,
 And crawl about with mischievous Intent;
 Correct all States, yet never think they're well,
 But grumbling still, and eager to rebel;
 Most tiresome when they most securely stand,
 And *Tolerated* once, would now Command;
 A Sect whose rough-hewn Natures Faction feeds,
 And Superstition powerful Whimsie breeds,
 With Coward Hearts, and Adamantine Heads;
 To Ceremonies such Disgusts they bear,
 They scarce are Civil where they should Revere;
 Good Manners and good Sense alike despise,
 And stupid in Religious Exercise,

In Looks demure, but double in Design,
 And all their Dealings to themselves confine;
 Busie their growing Neighbour to supplant;
 For to depress the Sinner makes the Saint;
 All Moral Virtues slightly they imbibe,
 And Charity seems Physick to the Tribe,
 Such costly Doctrines wisely they disown;
 In strong Belief their Piety is shown,
 Whose Faith is wond'rous, for their Works are none;
 No gen'rous Pity can on such be wrought,
 Who want ev'n Generosity of Thought:
 Rigid, Censorious, in Opinion strong,
 Who think they're always right, tho' always wrong;
 Yet slyly can assume a *Janus* Face,
Conform Occasionally for a Place;
 Proud when employ'd, invet'rate in Disgrace.
 These seeming Saints, the Cause of all our Jarrs,
 The Bane of Kings, and Source of Civil Wars,
 In Mischief ripe, watching with *Argus* Eyes,
 Impatient, and implacable to rise
 From lurking Caves, sway'd by too mild a Hand,
 Built Tabernacles, and o'erspread the Land;
 Then were pernicious Seminaries plac'd,
 And *Britain's* Youth in Literature debas'd,
 Where Precepts vile on tender Minds were wrought,
 And dull Disputes illogically taught;
 'Till *Schism Houses* grew to such a height,
 That Colleges were almost out of Date.
 Had *ANNA* but improv'd *Eliza's* Sense,
 Catch'd the Design, and saw the Consequence,
 Boldly like her she'd stopt the Fiends increase,
 And *Britain* once again enjoy'd its pristine Peace.

But as a Fever, trifled with too far,
 Rages, grows Pestilent, and taints the Air;
 So Sects, who Church-Communion were allow'd,
 And to our Altars *on Occasion* bow'd,
 Contagiously to bring her to Disgrace,
 Have hatch'd the worst of Sects, *A Moderate Race*;
 Serpents that fright Religion's self away,
 Frequent the Church, and yet the Church betray;
 Limit her Rise, her sacred Forms correct,
 And on Cathedrals shamefully reflect.
 Old Women Superstition may imbibe,
 Whose Ignorance and Number help the Tribe.
 The Saints in empty Kirks might loudly pray,
 And Eccho's make a Jest of all they say;
 But *Moderate Men* strange Contradictions own,
 Commend their Mother-Church, yet pull her down.

Those Snakes i'th' Grass, whom *Moderate Men* we call,
 Are those who have no Principles at all;
 To either Side *Occasionally* bent,
 With any Worship, or with none, Content;
 Whose frozen Zeal no Arguments can warm,
 No Texts nor thund'ring Documents alarm:
 Religious Trumpets may sound Dangers near,
 Guard but the *Bank*, and they no Dangers fear;
 If Stocks but rise, and Credit mighty grow,
 Priests and the Church can ne'er be kept too low;
 Whose grov'ling Sense to such an Ebb is driv'n,
 That Purgatory is their highest Heav'n:
 In sly Cabals insidiously they wait,
 With nice Distinctions, Jealousies create,
 And at true Church-Men dart inveterate Hate.

When

When Magistrates are chose, in Shoals they fly,
 Religion and the Government *desic*,
 And ev'ry honest Man is thought too high.
 When Princes oft beneath themselves appear,
 And sue to carry on the justest War,
 Scarce for the Publick Safety they'll consent,
 Make Terms with Kings, and not a *Drachma's* lent,
 Unless their Party have the Management.
 But when they Bully the Preheminence,
 With *Moderate Loyalty*, and *Moderate Sense*,
 Then at immoderate Rates the Court's supply'd,
 And the Church ridicul'd becomes their Pride.
 But when true Patriots allarm the Crown,
 And Parasites invidiously lay down,
 Then, to assert the Loyalty they boast,
 Stocks fall, and with them Publick Credit's lost;
 These, with the *Pure Ones* join'd, our Feuds create,
 Distract the Nation, and disturb the State.

You *Hamilton*, whose Judgment sways Mankind,
 Whose Thoughts are clear, whose Policy's refin'd,
 To your just Sentiments all States-men bow,
 Criticks your finer Taste of Wit allow,
 And every Science claims a Right in you;
 Say what pernicious Practices you've found
 'Mongst Men for *Moderation* so renown'd,
 What Funds have prov'd deficient by their Sway,
 How long poor *Britain* has been made their Prey;
 Yet insolently still they'd keep the Day.
 How have they struggled to maintain their Pride,
 And wheedled the young Nobles on their Side,
 What Rubbish at Elections have they got,
 And made their Footmen Freeholders to Vote;

What

What Tales they've hatch'd to make us disagree;
 And cast an Odium on true Loyalty;
 By whose audacious Principles 'tis plain,
 Disgust them and they'll Carp at any Reign;
 Their Thoughts in Avarice alone they place,
 The Gold is welcome bear it any Face.
 You have no private Ends, no selfish Ways,
 No Debts to bully, no Estate to raise,
 Your Voice the Nation's Genius does express,
 And all your Aim is *Britain's* Happiness.

Illustrious *Patriot* now your Beams display,
 Unblemisht as the Sun that gilds the Day;
 Rouze from Lethargick Ease, see *Britains* kneel,
 The antient Bravery of your Race reveal,
 And prove the mighty Transports which you feel.
 In you, great Sir, all Godlike Virtues shine,
 And all your Thoughts are Energy Divine;
ANNA invokes your Aid, to *ANNA* fly,
 With Politicks grown Ripe by lying by.
ANNA has try'd the Serpents to the last,
 By their own Wiles and Projects they are cast,
 And with an Universal Shout disgrac'd.
 Assist her, tell her how her Subjects griev'd,
 Tell her how oft, how long, she's been deceiv'd;
 How her most Cordial Friends have been misus'd,
 What groundless Jealousies have been infus'd,
 Her Church, her Prelates, and her God abus'd:
 Demonstrate to her, (for when you harangue,
 Such Heav'nly Maxims dwell upon your Tongue,
 'Tis *Seneca* that Charms the list'ning Throng,)
 How *Britain* has its absent Patriots mourn'd,
 How sigh'd, how panting lay, 'till they return'd;

How Crocodiles have hover'd round the Throne,
 Pretending they alone could guard the Crown;
 Yet Arrogant, and fearless of Disgrace,
 Have argu'd for *Resistance* to her Face;
 Arraign'd her pious Thoughts, her Church defy'd,
 Impeach'd its Doctrines, and its Prelates try'd;
 What ill-tim'd Jars they rais'd, with dire Intent,
Insinuating what was never meant,
 And politickly heightned the Disease,
 Just as our Foes abroad had su'd for Peace.

She sees, she proves, alas! she's shockt to find
 How she's been led, what Mischiefs were design'd,
 How to a Sect ingrate profusely kind;
 By what ill Counsellors she's been betray'd,
 Who are the Miscreants now that *Lewis* aid,
 And their own Country monstrously Invade;
 What Party now promotes a foreign Name,
 Yet on true Patriots lay all the Blame;
 With Venom against *Non-Resistance* raves,
 Yet to a foreign Power would make us Slaves.
 Shall we then from our Loyalty dissent,
 Favour their Wiles, and further their Intent,
 'Till by Sinister Ends too mighty grown,
 We prove their Policy, and not our own?
 No, *Britain's ANNA* does their Wiles detest,
 Her Frowns have all their tow'ring Thoughts supprest;
 Such Zealots that embroil the Nation's Peace,
 She looks on as a National Disease.
ANNA her true, her trusty Friends employs;
 Vile Sects, like Shrubs and Under-wood, destroys;
 While Church-men, like tall Cedars, dare the Skies.

As

As Diamonds from a Foil best take their Light;
 So Faction quell'd, appearing black as Night,
 Makes Loyalty encourag'd, Shine more bright.

Beaufort Divine with early Zeal appear'd,
 And whisper'd the Invasions which he fear'd;
 Invasions not abroad, those Schemes were vain,
 As *Conti* strove for *Poland*, *Anjou* Spain;
 Such Threats the very Waves deride in Foam:
 But from the *Whiggs*, the Crocodiles at home.
 Few Kalends past, e'er the Prophetick Youth
 Found politick Suspicion, fatal Truth:
 But when their Fury did their Schemes betray,
 The Plot blown up, or, as a Muse might say,
 The Wind chang'd that blew Monarchy away,
Beaufort with Raptures seiz'd the Work pursues,
 And Ladies court him for the wondrous News,
 To distant Shires with Haste he marches on,
 And Triumphs with the Tale through ev'ry Town;
 Glad Corporations thankful Homage pay,
 And Crowds of Prelates greet him on the way;
 Where-e'er he pitch'd his Tent the Country swarm'd,
 His Notions were sublime, his Reason warm'd,
 His Looks perswaded, and his Accents charm'd;
 No force of Argument could his excell,
 And where he influenc'd, the Cause went well.

Assemble all ye Patriots at her Feet,
 Carefs her Goodness, and her Smiles intreat;
 Let *Non-Resistance* in each Face be seen,
 Congratulate her once again as Queen:
 Alarm her with her past impending Fate,
 And all the horrid Stratagems relate;

Address

Address her not as Parasites have done,
 Promise her mighty Sums, and send her none;
 Nor yet, like *Quondam* Fop Militia Fools,
 Who talkt of fighting for her without Souls;
 But like true *Britains*, hearty and sincere,
 True Heroes, boldly in her Cause appear,
 And Guard her as the Goddess you revere.
 Let Towns corrupt their Loyalty renew,
 And at Elections have the Church in View.
 Let loud *Te Deums* the blest Change proclaim,
 The Silver Trumpet sound great *ANNA*'s Name,
 And *Worthies* only sing *Britannia*'s Fame.
 Let Swains express their Joys in humble Sport,
 Shepherds with Garlands dance before her Court;
 No Doubts, no Spleen, no Discontent appear,
 No Murmurs whisper'd to disturb the Ear;
 Revels and Banquets only now be known,
 For Shouts are to the utmost Regions gone,
 That *ANNA* is *Restor'd* unto her Crown.

F I N I S.